

VIGILANT WINS THE AMERICA'S CUP.

The NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

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Price Ten Cents.



SHE WORE TROUSERS.

ECCENTRIC MRS. ANGELINE ALLEN, OF NEWARK, N. J., AGAIN SHOCKS SOCIETY BY HER COSTUME.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

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THE CUP STILL OURS.

Hall, victorious Vigilant!

She has maintained the reputation of the American yacht designer, and the cup is still ours.

The centre board has shown its superiority over the keel boat once more, and, as the London press put it, our English cousins will have to go to the Yankee school to learn yacht building before they can hope to regain the trophy won by the America in 1851.

The Vigilant is a remarkable production of American ingenuity. She is faster than any yacht ever designed. She, with the Pilgrim, Jubilee and Colonia, was built especially to defend the cup against the English challenger, Valkyrie. After the trial races she was awarded the honor, and the result proves that the committee were wise in selecting her to compete with Lord Dunraven's craft.

The Valkyrie is the best specimen of English naval architecture ever sent to these shores to wrest the cup from us. She is half an hour faster than the Thistle over a fifty-mile course, and American yachtsmen recognized in her a formidable foe worthy of our best efforts. Her first performance in a drifting match proved that she was a great boat in light winds. Lord Dunraven, however, desired a heavy wind in order to test her speed against the American yacht. He got it. In light wind and in heavy wind the Vigilant outsailed her English rival at every point. She could point closer, was faster on the reach and could hold her own in running home before the wind. In every respect she proved herself to be a better all-around boat than the Valkyrie. In a light wind she got there; in a heavy wind she got there all the harder. Lord Dunraven and his gallant crew admitted that they were fairly and squarely beaten, and that the Vigilant was the better boat.

Lord Dunraven is entitled to the respect of our American yachtsmen for the pluck he displayed in coming over here to try conclusions with our speedy craft, and while he goes home beaten, we trust he is not discouraged, and will come again.

MASKS AND FACES.

Why Kitty Cheatham Threw up a Good Salary and Tights.

LILIAN RUSSELL'S SKIRTS.

She Proposes to Take Them Off Right Before the Spectators.

HELEN BERTRAM AND TOMASSI.

It is simply amazing the great number of actresses who are putting themselves on public record as unalterably opposed to tights.

The latest story is that T. Henry French had practically engaged Kitty Cheatham to appear in "The Voyage of Suzette," but that

woman named Rhea, who says that no manager can bluff her into wearing tights, and has sued the manager who has tried to do the bluffing act for a week's salary, amounting to \$12.

If this movement continues and the shapely girls of the theatrical world refuse to appear on the stage unless they are provided with three skirts and an ulster, E. Rice and his fellow-managers in the same line of theatrical endeavor will be confronted with a variety of serious problems in their attempts to arrange for the production of "1492" and burlesques of a kindred character.

The only ray of light on the burlesque is the cheering announcement that Lillian Russell, who has resolutely kept her handsome limbs covered for a long series of years in public, announces that in the next opera in which she will appear she will not only take off her clinging skirts, but take them off on the stage.

On behalf of Mr. Rice and the gilded youths of the town, as well as the army of old gentlemen of the front row, Miss Russell is entitled to cordial thanks. Her example is important.

Not satisfied with the success of "A Temperance Town," Charles H. Hoyt continuously watches the performance and takes copious notes of the smallest detail in connection with the stage business.

"Dion Boucicault," he said to me a few days ago, "who was the greatest man of the century in this business, taught me the importance of details. In a stage production there are no such things as trifles. Not

a little of the success of my pieces is due to the care I give to the minute points of the action. I have two ambitions in life, neither of which I expect to realize. I should like to become as famous as Dion Boucicault, and next to that, I

Miss Cheatham finally declined the engagement because she found that in one of the acts her costume was not nearly so abundant as she had become accustomed to wear during her seasons with Augustin Daly and her subsequent appearances under the management of Charles Frohman.

Miss Cheatham went down to Mr. French's office one day to find out all about her costumes, and the first design that was shown her pleased her artistic eye and captured her cultivated fancy. Then the manager showed her the costume for the last act. There was no design for it whatever. He took it out of an envelope, and it consisted of a pair of silk tights and about seventy-five cents worth of blue silk.

Then it was that Miss Cheatham told the manager she would not be able to make the engagement. She did not object to the costume, of course, on the ground of propriety or the want of it at all.

The fact of the matter is that Miss Cheatham was afraid she might some time or other lose her last act com-

mission.

I understand that Helen Bertram is shortly to be sued for divorce by her husband, Signor Tomassi, who is at present musical director for Marie Tempest. The cause of all the trouble is said to be E. J. Henley.

Miss Bertram owes her present position on the stage to Signor Tomassi. He picked her up when she was an obscure chorus girl with Emma Abbott's company, furnished the means for the cultivation of her voice, and afterward married her. Their union promised to be a happy one, but as Miss Bertram rose in the operatic firmament, she came to the conclusion that Signor Tomassi was an old fossil and she was too young to be the wife of an old Italian musical director. Henley is married to May Hampton, a pretty and clever actress, now with the "Aristocracy" company.

Loie Fuller has finally sailed away to Paris, and

everything is quiet once more in Gotham. Loie and her purple tights have already received a good deal of advertising, but just before she left us some of the Metropolitan papers went into ecstasies over the manner in which the agile Loie puts them on and then stretches them for easy kicking.

The process is said to be very interesting, and Loie

in an interview does not hesitate to tell how, with the aid of her precious mamma, she gets her dazzling lace-trimmed tights in a proper dancing shape, even consenting to a sketch of the operation.

Johnstone Bennett, who sailed for Paris last week, is quite a little philosopher.

"I don't spell my 'art' with a capital letter and all

that sort of thing," she said to me recently. "I don't care for it or anything connected with it. I have no ambitions. I don't do anything. Newspaper people

come to me and they say:

"Miss Bennett, what do you like to do better than

anything else?"

"Nothing," I answer.

"What else have you?"

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"None."

"Do you sew?"

"No."

"Or do fancy work?"

"No."

"Well, thank you. I'll write something."

"And the next day I read that I embroidered most beautifully, that I take my knitting to rehearsals, mend my own clothes, and send things to deserving poor people. But, as I say, I do none of those things. First, I love Paris, then my ugly bulldog, Matilda. I strike the right thing some of these days, and turn out a great painter, or sculptor, or writer. At the present writing, however, life is certainly not worth living, and yet—it must be lived. Hence, 'Jane.' Hence, also, that dreadful fizz, 'Fanny.'"

There is a slight chance that Florence St. John may come to this country next season to appear in operetta. In such an event, Marcus Mayer would be her managerial sponsor.

Laura Burt has returned from Chicago. She tells me that she declined an offer to play Jeanne in Richard Mansfield's production of "The Merchant of Venice."

"The other day," says Wilton Lackaye, "I had the pleasure of telling Al Hayman that actors draw the money and make the value of the production, and that the sooner he found it out the better for his pocket book. Managers must remember that it is the same Hamlet that both Booth and James Owen O'Connor played. Remember the differences!"

Francis Wilson has given new life to "Erminie" at the Broadway Theatre. His production of that operetta is enough to make any one forget the original cast and the pink ball room set of the Casino.

Wilson is fortunate in finding such a good Javotte as Luin Glaser. But she did not quite succeed in making us forget Marie Jansen in that role.

Abbey and Grau's spectacle, "America," which is now running at the Chicago Auditorium, will come to the Metropolitan Opera House late in November, and will fill in the off nights of the opera house.

Sylvia Gerrish is on the convalescent list, but still very weak. Throughout her illness she has had the attendance of her bosom friend, Isabelle Urquhart.

Marie Collins and Clancy Lind are filling a three weeks' engagement at the Trocadero in Chicago.

I was talking to a well-known photographer about the sales of the pictures of professionals.

"Women," he said, "are the greatest collectors of photographs. It does seem odd that they should not buy men's pictures, but it is so. For the last year actors have been drawn in the pictorial market. John Drew is the best seller, I think, but he comes in a long way after some of the actresses. Della Fox and Ada Rehan are favorites among the women. Queer combination, isn't it? But they lead off together. Some of our customers have every picture of Ada Rehan that was ever made. I believe, they don't care so much for Della Fox's 'Panjandrum' pictures as they did for those in 'Wang.' They all wanted the one in trousers. Women are queer creatures! You'd think they all had a secret yearning to put on trousers themselves from the way they buy pictures of any actress who wears them. Schoolgirls? Oh, no, they are not such great buyers after all. Though, to be sure, if it was not for the schoolgirls we might as well take the actors out of the show case. It's the young girls that keep them going."

"It is all very well," says a leading actress, "to have nice sentimental parts, to be cast away in a boat and come in for a share of the enthusiasm created by the 'great scenic effect,' but just consider when the scene is called for again and again, and you are kept rocking like mad for a good twenty minutes. It isn't so attractive then, to say nothing of being obliged to take a call absolutely green with seasickness, and then run down stairs to change your dress when you can't even see straight. It is like making a nightfall fall all through the country, on all sorts of rugs, but chiefly fur ones that are full of dust and the hair of which flies awfully. It is so pleasant to lie there while the scene is being finished by the other actors, and you, in a dead faint, strangle yourself to keep from coughing. The dear people in the audience never stop to think of those things that are part of the work of pleasing them."

She smokes a dainty cigarette, "And twirls on airy cane; Drinks shalbene, sherry and vermouth, And oftentimes champagne. She dresses in the latest mode Of masculine attire. And of the hearts men offer her She builds a funeral pyre.

She sings her songs so modestly That innocence and she Seem synonymous almost—that is To every man but me. For I wonder often, as she doffs her hat, And shows her blonded head, If those fellows know who offer their hearts That she's been six times wed.

"A Modern Siren," by Ernest Daudet, No. 17, Fox's Sensational Series. A pathetic tale of man's dupery and woman's weakness. Vividly illustrated. Price, post by mail, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

NOT OPPOSED TO TIGHTS.

turn through a crack in the floor, or it might blow out of the window, and as theatrical audiences cherish a strong prejudice in favor of witnessing the final act of a comic opera, she did not—as an artist with honest intentions toward the public—want to take the chance of figuring in any unpleasant disappointments.

Miss Cheatham relinquished, therefore, the opportunity offered by Mr. French, abandoned the salary which it was proposed to make munificent, threw up the tights, in fact, and traveled homeward, reflecting on the question of what the theatrical profession was coming to. And Mr. French, in an absent minded way, thrust the tights in his vest pocket, under the impression that it was a small roll of bills, and also began to wonder what the theatrical profession was coming to.

But he wondered on different lines.

And from Brooklyn comes another story of a young

lady who has given up the stage and turned to a more profitable occupation. She is a singer, and has

been successful in her new career.

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Burlesque Beauties in Tights

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Pretty Girl, Indiscreet Lover and Papa with a Gun.

TRAGEDY OR A WEDDING?

Don't Know Whether the Bridegroom is Man or Woman.

NICE YOUNG MAN GOES WRONG.

Pretty Emma Beall is eighteen years old. Her father, H. O. Beall, is a prominent citizen in Cuthbert, Ga. He is the owner of a large grist mill and cotton gin, and is ex-vice-president of the Superior Court of Randolph county. He served in the war on the confederate side, carries three Yankee bullets in his body and is reported to be a fire-eater. At present he is gunning for his daughter Emma's lover, Charles A. Simpson.

Simpson is a youth of eighteen, good-looking, and dresses stylishly. Before papa Beall began gunning for him, Simpson worked as a clerk in his father's store. The elder Simpson keeps a wholesale dry goods establishment in Cuthbert and is very wealthy. Simpson and Emma met and became lovers. Their courtship continued for a year. Then Mr. Beall learned that the young man had betrayed Emma, and proposed to skip to avoid the consequences. Papa Beall started after him though and chased the young man clear to Cincinnati.

"All I want is to meet that man," he declared emphatically. "Let me but get my eyes on him and I will not need a warrant. A warrant and a trial is not enough. That will not repair the damage that man has done. He has ruined and disgraced my family and I will have revenge. If I meet him I will give him his choice. He will go back to Georgia and marry my daughter or he will die. I don't care for myself. I will hang, but he will pay the forfeit."

When he had calmed down a little Mr. Beall related his troubles.

"I have five daughters," he said. "This Simpson is a young fellow. I don't believe he is over eighteen. He doesn't look it, but he may be twenty-one for all I know. He is a good-looking fellow. He is light-complexioned and has no mustache. He dresses in the height of fashion, and when you meet him you might notice that he has a sort of dreamy look about him. He looks as though he had dissipated a good deal."

"Yes, he has been calling on my daughter—her name is Emma—for nearly a year. My daughter is not much more than seventeen, and they were intimate. The fact that anything was wrong never entered my mind."

"At 2 o'clock yesterday I was down at the ginney at work when a friend told me that young Simpson had suddenly left town, and that he had told it all over town that he had left because he had got into trouble with my daughter, and must skip to escape the consequences."

"When I heard this I went straight to my house and called upon my wife and daughter. I put the question straight to my daughter, and she confessed that Simpson had ruined her. It happened one night when he stayed until 2 or 3 o'clock. She swore that the offense had only been committed once, and that no evil consequences had been feared."

"Why Simpson told his friends I cannot tell. I suppose he feared that something was going to happen. He and my daughter had a little trouble about a week ago and left each other in bad spirits. I didn't know there was anything particularly wrong at the time. When my daughter had told me all I started on Simpson's tracks at once. My daughter implored me not to kill him. I stopped for nothing. I left my wife nearly crazed. As you see, I had on nothing but thin clothes, just as I came from the ginney. My boots even now are covered with mud and I am cold. I've got to get an overcoat, but I'll find that man if I have to go to California or Europe."

"I took the first train and at a station not far from Cuthbert got a telegram that Simpson had gone to Montgomery, Ala. I went there, but he had left. A cousin of mine then showed me a letter he thought was from Simpson, dated Cincinnati.

"I think possibly he has gone to Chicago. The only reason I thought he might be here was that he had started for Chicago and stopped off here, for fear he might encounter some people who knew him in Chicago. He has \$500 his father gave him to get away with. I went by his father's store when I started and I know some one hurried to try and inform Simpson that I was after him."

"He ruined my daughter under the promise of marriage, and in Georgia that is a crime we will not countenance. If I find him he shall choose whether he shall go back to Georgia or not. If he goes back my daughter shall meet me at Montgomery, and they shall be married."

Meanwhile young Simpson was doing his level best to keep a safe distance ahead of Emma's angry papa. Detectives were put on his track, however, and he was finally captured at Columbus, O. Papa Beall tried to shoot him, but the officers disarmed him. The young man was locked up to await requisition papers from Georgia. Simpson was badly scared and he paled every time he heard Mr. Beall's name mentioned. He admitted that he had been criminally intimate with the girl, but says it was at her invitation, and that he never promised to marry her. He is now willing to go back to Georgia and marry Emma, for he fears her father will kill him if he does not.

The chances are that the affair will end in a wedding and a tragedy will be averted.

A queer social sensation comes from the enterprising village of Toronto, O. Recently W. T. Stringer, an uncle of the bridegroom, procured a license for the marriage of Augustus Cothen and Mary Brinkman, both of Toronto, and they were married by Justice Whitcomb. The case is the most novel with which the authorities of Toronto have ever had to deal, and the people of Toronto are so shocked that

they cannot find words with which to express their surprise.

The groom is a native of Warren Township, and has always worn female attire, and has gone by the name of Sallie Stringer. Dr. J. M. Kelly, who was present at the birth, being questioned, was non-committal as to sex. After the uncle had procured the license the Rev. Mr. Ware, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Toronto, came down to post the Probate Judge about the case, saying that Augustus Cothen had been on his church roll as "Sallie Stringer," and that he would refuse to tie the knot if solicited to officiate at the wedding. When Mr. Stringer made application for the license he stated that he always thought Sallie a female.

In the application the age of Cothen was given as twenty-eight and the bride's as twenty-one years. The bride is a native of Quincy, Ill., and became acquainted with the Stringer woman, or Cothen man, at a hospital in Columbus, where the bride was a nurse and where Cothen was under treatment, and the attachment which resulted in the marriage was formed there. The Toronto authorities searched the statutes to find a law provision under which they could force Sallie or Augustus to prove sex in their presence, and the other night a committee of men waited on Cothen and asked him, or her, to prove sex before them, which he need not hesitate to do if a male, but he or she, asked to be excused and went upstairs, and one of the visitors who followed returned presently and announced that "it" had fainted.

Sallie Stringer was agent for a Steubenville music house in Toronto, where she was known as a woman. The affair promises to provoke a scandal of serious proportions, for Sallie had been regarded and treated as a woman by the women of Toronto, some of them married. She was very fond of females. He, or she, has no beard, and the features are feminine, so, if really a man, no difficulty would be encountered in passing as a woman.

The people of Toronto were so worked up over the matter that the other evening a party surrounded the house and sent a physician in, who made an examination and found that the groom was a female. The two women expect to leave shortly for St. Louis, where they will hereafter reside.

* * *

A case of Enoch Arden, with variations, has come to light in Memphis, Tenn. Twenty years ago

poor Hickinson stood by stricken dumb with amazement.

When he recovered himself and showed a disposition to assert his rights, his wife coolly told him she loved Messner the best, and Hickinson quietly left the house. But Messner was not disposed to claim the woman, now that she had lost her beauty, and after spending a short time in her company he left the house. Moreover, he skipped the town the same night. So Mrs. Messner-Hickinson is left without either of her husbands to lean on. Hickinson posi-

to the Home authorities. A posse of guards then started in search of Saea, Alexander's companion. The horrible fate of the latter was known a few moments later, but the terrible incidents associated with his death may forever remain a mystery. White line car no 14 en route to the Home, was moving along at a brisk rate when the motorman discovered an object lying across the track, too late, however, to stop the car. The next instant the wheels of the heavy car ran some distance before it could be stopped. The body was identified by a number of soldiers on the car as that of Saea. All the known facts and circumstances show that Saea was assaulted and beaten into insensibility by the robber, and his pockets rifled. The theory is that the robber, after he had got through with his victim, and ignorant or indifferent as to whether the man was dead or alive, placed the body in such position on the rail that the car wheels would assist in complicating or covering up the tragedy.

DIED FOR HER HONOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Oscar Darnall and Miss Tillie Magers were sweethearts. Both belonged to excellent Boone county, Ind., families, residing at Jamestown. The parents of both objected to the intimacy, but they met occasionally, unknown to any one.

Last week, while the young lady's parents attended a funeral, Darnall called upon his sweetheart and made an engagement to meet her on Tuesday evening, Oct. 3. She left her home to keep the engagement, slipping away from her folks. She was brought home the next morning in a pitiful plight, and her parents, brothers and sisters gathered around her dying form distracted. Darnall sleeps under six feet of earth.

He called at his uncle's, 2 miles out, in the morning, accompanied by Miss Magers, desiring conveyance once to Jamestown, saying the young lady had been attacked by tramps and severely hurt. After she was placed in a buggy ready to start he excused himself, saying he would have to go to a straw stack near by and get the young lady's shoes. He no sooner reached it than a report of a revolver was heard. His dead body was found across the stack with his brains oozing from a hole in his head.

The young lady had been shot, the bullet entering her upper lip, knocking out three teeth, ranging downward under her tongue. Three ugly cuts, which grazed the jugular vein, were across the throat. Besides her hands and lower limbs were badly cut and bruised. She made the statement that Darnall had shot her. Her death is momentarily expected. Handkerchiefs saturated with chloroform were found at the straw stack, and other indications were found that they had spent the night there.

Many believe the young girl never knew where she had spent the night, and that the cuts she received were made during an effort to defend her honor.

A WHITE GIRL HIS VICTIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A large negro stepped into the kitchen of the house of E. C. Barr, in Fort Scott, Kan., at noon the other day. Miss Agnes Barr, sixteen years old, a niece of General Manager J. H. Emmert of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis road, was the only person at home. The negro drew a pistol, and, pointing it at her, compelled her to sit down in a chair and ordered her under pain of death not to make an outcry.

He then ransacked all the rooms in the house, evidently looking for valuables. Finally he went up stairs, and while he was there the girl went to a bureau in an adjoining room and took \$10 from the drawer and hid it. When he re-entered the room he seized her. She resisted with all her strength, but as she is just recovering from an illness she was nearly helpless in the struggle. He finally fled.

Ten minutes later her brother, J. H. Barr, came home. He gave the alarm, and soon the sheriff, marshal, police force, and hundreds of well-armed citizens were in pursuit. The pursuers were recruited all along the way. They scattered, some going west, some southwest, and some northwest.

The next afternoon the Wichita shops were shut down, and the large force of employees were armed and are scouring the west bottoms of the Arkansas river. Among the most zealous of the deputized officers there are some colored men. Miss Barr is prostrated and in a critical condition.

The streets were crowded with armed men and boys. The sheriff had the city surrounded with armed men. Company F of the State militia was called out to suppress violence in case of the negro's capture.

HUGGED AND KISSED HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Henry Rothe, alias Gage, manager of the concern known as the Commercial and Railway Telegraph Institute, 173 and 175 Fifth avenue, Chicago, is in the toils.

The charge against Rothe is criminal assault. The warrant was sworn out by Clara Schneuer, a 17-year-old girl living at 19 Hinckley street.

Miss Schneuer went to Rothe's office in answer to one of his glowing advertisements, in which he promised to teach the applicant the art of telegraphy and secure for her a position at a salary of \$75 to \$100 per month within three months. Miss Schneuer, who is an attractive looking woman, was at once taken by Rothe into a private room. Rothe, Miss Schneuer says, locked the door and at once began taking improper liberties with her. He drew her down upon his lap and kissed her, after which he attempted to criminally assault her. She screamed and fought so hard that Rothe became frightened and allowed her to leave the place.

The girl hastened to the central station and told her story and was told to go to Justice Bradwell and secure a warrant which she did.

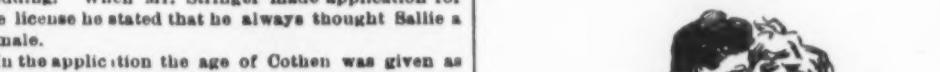
"Miss Schneuer is not the only complainant against this man," said Detective Wilbasky. "There are a half dozen other girls who will appear in court to testify against Rothe. He has been doing this sort of thing for some time and it is time a stop was put to it."

SAMUEL SCULL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Samuel Scull, whose portrait is reproduced on another page, is one of the gallant tars connected with the United States man-of-war Boston. Scull is a thorough American seaman, and very popular with his shipmates.

Guess Again—"The Magic Money Maker." Keep everybody guessing. Send for one and make your own money. The greatest novelty of the age. Send by mail to any address on receipt of 35 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.



MADE LOVE TO THE GIRL.



EMMA CONFESSES TO HER FATHER.



himself known to step-father No. 1 and invited him to call and see the family. Meener told the young man he had plenty of money, and this Tyne repeated to his mother in informing her of Meener's presence in the city. A little later Meener called. When he stepped in at the door Mrs. Hickinson threw herself upon his neck and caressed him in the tenderest manner, while

"A Guilty Love," of Fox's Sensational SERIES. No. 6, is having an immense sale. It is spicy, sensational and handsomely illustrated. Price 50 cents, by mail. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



FLORRIE WEST.

A DAINTY AND SHAPELY ENGLISH SOUBRETTE, NOW WITH THE "PRINCE PRO TEM" COMPANY.



RIDDLED HIS WIFE WITH BULLETS.

MARGARET KELLY, AFTER BEING SHOT DOWN IN A PHILADELPHIA, PA., STREET,
KISSES AND FORGIVES HER MURDEROUS HUSBAND.



KILLED HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR.

CHARLES PHILLIPS DISCOVERS HIS WIFE AT THE HOME OF DAN BYNUM IN REDFIELD, ARK., AND SHOOTS THE LATTER DEAD.



HIS WIFE SURPRISED HIM.

ACTOR "KARL" GARDNER FOUND BY HIS BETTER-HALF IN THE WRONG ROOM IN A YOUNGSTOWN, O., HOTEL.

THE QUEEN OF THE BOG.

Sal Huggins' Rise and Fall at Pine Ridge, N. J.

A FORTUNE IN HER GRASP.

She Marries Rich Old Huggins and Spends All His Money.

PUNISHED BY BLACK AVENGERS



CROWD OF INDIGNANT women of the Pine Ridge cranberry bog, near Cookstown, N. J., took the law into their own hands the other night and gave Sal Huggins, the prettiest, if it is alleged, the wickedest woman, in the bog lands, a whipping and a ducking.

For fourteen years, since as a handsome blue-eyed girl of fourteen, Sal "went on the bogs," she has been the terror of the law-abiding and the pride of the lawless element of the cranberry region. For a young girl to identify herself with the reckless and often vicious crowds that go from bog to bog picking the cranberries and spending their wages in drunkenness and debauchery means but one thing, and Sal Foster—that was then her name—was soon as wild as the wildest. Combined with unusual beauty she had a quick intelligence, enough vanity to make her wish to better her position, and, although small and slight, she possessed great strength and agility, important factors in the bogs, where the resort to physical force is the usual method of settling disputes among the women as well as the men.

So by the time Sal was sixteen years old she was the most beautiful girl and the most dangerous fighter in the region, a veritable queen of the bogs. But this wasn't enough for the girl. She knew that she was beautiful, and she wanted fine clothes to set off her beauty, money to spend and horses to drive.

"I'll have hundreds some day where you have pennies," she said to her father, a respectable farmer, when he told her that she must either reform or leave his house.

"You'll live to see me so rich that I can throw money away."

The handsome vagrant had already laid her plans and determined to marry the richest man in that part of the State. That Jesse Huggins was 60 years old and a confirmed bachelor made no difference to her. He was worth, it was said, \$150,000 and owned a fine farm at Cream Ridge, and he had shown some interest in the wayward beauty. How Sal drew the old man on no one but herself knows, but one fine day they were quietly married and set up housekeeping. This is what Sal herself says, but her acquaintances say that she has never been able to show a marriage certificate. Be that as it may, from the day that she came into his house the ruin of old Jesse Huggins began. He was in complete subjection to his girl wife, afraid of arousing her ungovernable temper, enslaved by her beauty, and not daring to protest at her wildest freaks. His home became the scene of wild carousals, in which Sal's old friends, the cranberry pickers, took part, for she still kept in touch with her old boon companions, and every picking season found her on the bogs. She began to drink and dissipate the old man's money in diamonds, fast horses, and costly dresses. It was no unusual thing for her to drive out at night, get a half a dozen of her friends in the carriage, and go from village to village, all shouting and singing, demanding drinks at all the hotels, and breaking in if admittance was refused, until she was as much dreaded as any Western desperado at the head of his armed band.

It is village history in Wrightstown how she and five companions, one other woman and four men, drove into the place one midnight, broke into the hotel, and when he came down stairs to remonstrate threw the proprietor down cellar and locked him in; then sacked the bar and carried away all the liquor they could find, leaving \$50 in gold on the bar as payment. No one dared to appeal to the law.

"If any one ever had me arrested," Sal said once, "I'd never rest till I killed him and if I was put away safe, there's others would do the job for me."

This saying was spread abroad, and no one doubted that Sal meant all she said. So beyond frequent complaints to Mr. Huggins, who did what he could in reparation for his wife's misdeeds, nothing was done. One day Sal came to her husband with a demand for a large sum of money. He told her that he hadn't the money and couldn't get it unless he sold some of the stock or part of the farm. At this she flew into a rage.

"Sell them, then!" she exclaimed. "What do you think I married you for, you old fool, but for money? If I don't get what I want before to-night, you'll be sorry for it."

That night two burns on the place burned to the ground. The girl went to the old man the next day.

"Now do I get the money?" she demanded insistently.

She got it, and more after it; so much that the farm was mortgaged, the stock sold, and Jesse found himself a pauper. He is now living in a little cabin near Juliustown, making a scanty living by doing a day's

labor here and there. Sal, for whose sake he dissipated his fortune, deserted him when his money was gone and went to live with a man named Archer in Lemontown. She is twenty-seven years old now, and is still a very handsome woman despite years of drink and dissipation. Being reduced once more to work, she has gone back to her old work of cranberry picking. That is how she came to be in the Pine Ridge bog last week.

She had just come from the Cranberry Hill bog, a mile above, where the overseer had turned her off for drunkenness. So she came down to Pine Ridge and went to work with the others. Drinking had palled on her for a time. She worked hard, and being a skillful picker, managed to clear \$2.50 and \$3 a day. Most of the other pickers were colored people or Italians, but all of them knew Sal.

Everything went well for a few days. Then, one night after a hard day's picking, a number of the men took their bushel tickets, each of which calls for 50 cents, and went off in the woods to play seven up. Bill Minnie, a colored man who lives next to the bog, won nearly all the tickets, and when the gamblers returned to the pickers' cabins Bill went off in a corner and talked with Sal Huggins. That night the pair disappeared. They were not back on the following day, and Minnie's wife, in great distress, went to the oldest colored woman among the pickers, Mammy Jonas, and laid the case before her.

"You leave it to me," said Mammy Jonas, who is accounted "knowledgesome" among the negroes. "I'll fix her so's she won't run away with nobody's man any more."

That night Mammy and five other colored women

hollow near the stream and take from it a number of long, limber, hardwood sticks which they hid there on the previous night. When she did awake it was to find the six women grouped about her, each holding something concealed behind her back. A kick from Mammy Jonas's extensive foot had awakened Sal.

"You got your warnin'," said the old colored woman. "Why didn't you get out?"

The white woman leaped to her feet with a snarl like an animal, and, like an animal, she gathered herself to spring as she poured out a volume of curses.

"I won't go," she screamed. "I'll kill the first one of you that dares lay a finger on me."

Mammy Jonas's hand moved out from behind her back. Something dashed through the air with a whistling sound, and the hardwood wither struck Sal full across the face, raising a red wale on her cheek. With a yell she leaped at the old woman, but five other whips whistled, and a rain of blows fell upon her, blinding her and finally beating her to the ground, where she lay face downward, sheltering her head as best she could from the pitiless beating.

Presently Mammy Jonas dragged her to her feet.

"Will you go now?" she asked.

At the question Sal's old fighting spirit came back to her. She leaped at Mammy's throat and threw her over backward, then, as the other women rushed at her she swept them aside, knocked down one who got in her path, and was off like a deer across the bog, leaping the streams as she came to them. The colored women followed close behind, dropping their whips for stones, which they threw at the fugitive. Sal was

"Throw her in the creek."

There was a short, fierce struggle on the bank, and then Sal was hurled headlong into the water. It was over her head and Sal couldn't swim, but when she came up, she grasped an overhanging bush and pulled herself back to shore. All her courage was gone now, as abject and shivering she crept up the bank.

"Duck her again," shouted two or three of the women.

"Don't," begged the victim. "Let me go. You'll drown me. For God's sake, don't murder me. I'll go away. I'll never bother you again. Oh, for God's sake, don't drown me."

"Look at that," screamed the Whiting woman, showing her bitten shoulder. "That's what you did. I'll drown you. Throw her in again. Kill her."

There was another rush, and again the unfortunate woman was pitched into the water. Luckily for her, she was too weak to struggle much, and as she came to the surface an eddy in the current carried her near the opposite shore. Her feet touched bottom, she crawled ashore, and, too weak to stand upright, she crawled on hands and knees into the thicket and disappeared.

SHE WORE TROUSERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Angeline Allen, the young woman who created a stir at Ashbury Park during the summer by appearing on the beach in a sensational bathing suit, made her first public appearance in an unconventional bicycling suit in Newark recently. Accompanied on a wheel by a dandified youth, she wore a costume that caused hundreds to turn and gaze at her in astonishment.

The dress consisted of dark blue trousers, which fitted the nether limbs as tightly as stockings. Above the knee they were puffed out in ample folds. The upper part of her figure was set off by a tight-fitting white bodice, encircled by a yellow belt. A jaunty cap completed the costume.

She rode her wheel through the principal streets in a leisurely manner, and appeared to be utterly oblivious of the sensation she was causing.

Mrs. Allen is about twenty-six years of age, with a wealth of golden hair and strikingly pretty face. She is a divorcee, having been legally separated from her husband, George Marshall Allen, two years ago.

COLLEGE GIRLS TRY HAZING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Gamma Delta Society of Young Women at the Boston, Mass., University hazed and initiated the freshmen girls the other afternoon. The freshman girls wore the gymnasium costumes and were required to perform various feats, greatly to the amusement of the upper class women. First the timid freshmen were blindfolded and attempted to climb ladders backward. Then, with the bandages still upon their eyes, they were forced to eat molasses from a spoon. The result was that their chins were daubed. Then followed several mild tricks easily worked with the apparatus for exercising. The room was then darkened and the bandages were removed, when in stalked the girls of the sophomore class, dressed as headless ghosts and with groans and sighs they hovered about the newcomers. This is the only chance the sophomore women have to haze their freshman sisters and they made the most of it. After initiating the freshmen they were served with refreshments.

HIS WIFE SURPRISED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A great hubbub was created at the Tod House, Youngstown, O., at 1:30 the other morning by Mrs. Charles A. Gardner, wife of the German comedian, finding her husband in the room of one of the Tyrolean singers, Miss Pepi Mohler.

After the performance of "The Prize Winner" at the Opera House, the wife of Mr. Gardner, who is known professionally as Miss Marion Moy, went to the hotel and retired, happy in thought that Karl was in the office. Mrs. Gardner awoke at 1 o'clock and no husband had appeared. She went to Miss Mohler's room and heard Mr. Gardner's voice. Then, with an other member of the company, she knocked at the door, which was opened by her husband, who claimed to be in the room on business.

At the sight of them Mrs. Gardner promptly fainted. She regained consciousness and voluntary at the same time, and violently upbraided her alleged faithless spouse for his conduct in a voice that could be heard nearly all over the house. After succeeding in waking up all the guests the row was quieted by the night-clerk.

RIDDLED HIS WIFE WITH BULLETS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The unhappy married life of James and Margaret Kelly reached a tragic climax the other night, when the brutal husband shot his defenseless wife four times, causing injuries which will in all probability result fatally. From letters found on the man after his arrest it was evident that he had been long meditating murder, and that he had deliberately chosen the time to carry out his design. The shooting took place at Twelfth and Race streets, Philadelphia, Pa., just as the unfortunate woman was about to step aboard a south-bound street car.

At the hospital the doctors said that the woman had not one chance in a thousand for life, and Magistrate Pole was sent for to take her ante-mortem statement. The patrol wagon went to the station-house and brought the prisoner, securely handcuffed, back for identification. The dying woman looked at him and cried: "Jim, why did you kill me?"

"You know," he responded, calmly.

"I don't, Jim. Look at me and say if I haven't been a good wife."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and besides you ain't dead yet. I hope you won't die," he added, magnanimously.

Before he was led away she kissed him and declared that she forgave him everything.

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went away after the day's work into the woods. They returned shortly, bid something in a little hollow near the stream, and went home to bed. Bill and his companion didn't return that night or the next morning, which was Saturday, but that afternoon they came back. Bill went to his house; Sal to the bog where the others were working. She put down her basket near Mammy Jonas, but before she could begin work the old colored woman arose and, with her own heavy basket brandished above her head, exclaimed:

"You picked your last cranberry here. You can't pick no more. If you put your hand to it I'll break my zint over your head."

The other women had gathered around. Bill looked at them and for once was cowed.

"What's the matter now?" she said, in an almost deprecating tone. "I'm minding my business. You mind yours."

"You been taking our men away from us," continued Mammy Jonas. "You pick no more berries here. If you ain't gone when we're done pickin' this evening we'll whip you out of the bog."

For answer Sal threw herself down and closed her eyes.

"I'm going to sleep," she said calmly. "Go away and don't bother me."

The women returned to their work, and presently Sal did fall asleep. If she hadn't been asleep she might have seen Mammy Jonas and five other women, when the day's work was done, go over to the little

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VICTORIOUS VIGILANT.

The America's Cup Still Remains in Our Custody.

VALKYRIE WAS NOT IN IT.

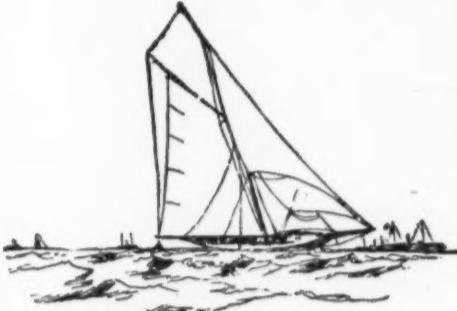
The Englishman Made a Good Struggle But Couldn't Win.

DETAILS OF THE YACHT RACE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The question of the supremacy in yacht racing has been settled up to date. The American yacht, Vigilant, has won, and the America's cup is safe. Lord Dunraven's cutter, Valkyrie, is a good boat, probably the best ever designed in England, but she was out-gunned on every point by our peerless centre board.

The series of races from the Sandy Hook lighthouse



VIGILANT COMING HOME A WINNER.

excited the wildest enthusiasm. Excursion steamers carried thousands of passengers down to the hook to witness them, and speculation on the result was heavy, with the Vigilant a great favorite. The first race was scheduled for Oct. 5, but as stated in the last issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* it proved a fluke owing to a lack of wind. The second, or really the first race, was sailed on Oct. 7, under more favorable conditions. Although the air was light on this occasion the yachts succeeded in getting over the course within the required time with the Vigilant a winner. The wind was light and shifty, and the race, instead of being one of 15 miles to leeward and back, as intended, was simply run out and a long leg home. Vigilant was favored by fortune early in the day, and, being the leading boat over five-eighths of the course, had a leading up to the finish.

She also showed remarkable light weather running powers, but was 20 seconds longer making the home run when close hauled than the English boat. Both yachts were splendidly handled.

The wind at 11 o'clock was light, north by west; the sea smooth. Course laid off to mark flag, east by south, fifteen miles distant. The start was a very clever one, both boats getting over at 11:25. Vigilant, just before crossing, broke out balloon jib and set spinnaker. Valkyrie set spinnaker and got it to draw at once. Vigilant drew poorly. Valkyrie was under mainsail, jib topsail, jib and spinnaker. Vigilant carried mainsail, club topsail, spinnaker and bal-

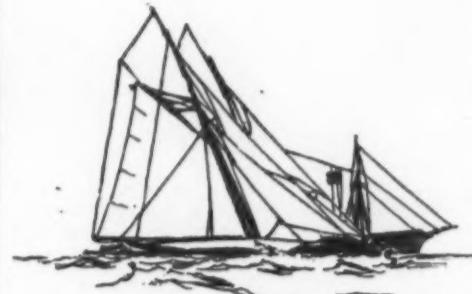
loon jib. Both boats were moving slowly and rising uneasily to the light swell.

At 11:27 Valkyrie was ahead of Vigilant. At 11:55 Vigilant was still dropping astern. At 12:12 Vigilant to leeward caught a little fresher breeze from a few points further south and worked ahead of Valkyrie. The English boat was almost becalmed and trying to make her spinnaker draw. Vigilant's balloon jib was doing all the work. From this point to the mark Vigilant drew away from Valkyrie, her light sails seeming to hold a better wind.

The wind shifted four points south and freshened

as Vigilant approached mark; she turned at 1:50:50. At 1:58:56 Valkyrie turned. The wind allowed them to make one long leg on the port tack to the finish. Vigilant was carrying jib, foretopsail and intermediate jib topsail. The Valkyrie had the same sails. Vigilant was sailed a bit closer. Their speed was about equal. Valkyrie only gaining twenty seconds. Being a little to windward line, they made balloon jib topsail finish, Vigilant crossing at 3:30:47 and Valkyrie at 3:38:23.

The next race, on Oct. 9, was more satisfactory.



THE YACHTS START NECK AND NECK.

There was as good a breeze as could be desired. The course was a triangular one.

The first leg was to windward, to and around a mark off the white beached coast of New Jersey, ten miles southwest by south of the Lightship. Both cutters were under mainsail, club topsail, fore topsail and jib. When the gun rang out the Valkyrie was first away on the starboard tack, closely followed by Vigilant, and as they leaped across the line their jib topsails soared aloft. The English yacht was two lengths ahead, every inch of her canvas drawing perfectly, while Vigilant, off her weather quarter, slipped along with the buff cloths of her headsails shivering. At 11:45 the Valkyrie was still leading, but the American champion, hugging closely to the breeze, was slowly working up to windward.

It was the old Herreshoff start; once well to wind-

approached keeling to the rail, with a streaking of foam to emphasize her perfect sheer, the expanse of swollen canvas surging upon the slant of the spars seemed impatient of the hull's tardiness, and yearned tempestuously toward the distant mark.

At 1:56 Vigilant swung round the second flag, and as she did so the great mainsail jibbed over from port to starboard, and the cutter fled away on the home run. It was 2:05 when the English boat took in her jib topsail and prepared to round. At 2:05 she jibbed past the flag, and started on a hopeless stern chase.

Two miles ahead, vividly outlined against the heavens, the glorious specimen of American skill rushed along on broad reach, with the wind over her port quarter, a heeling spire of radiant canvas, every inch of which, from the wire taut luff of the foremost headsail to the shadowed angle of her aftermost clew, was doing its duty. It was Vigilant's race by a lead of minutes, and the proud fabric seemed to know it.

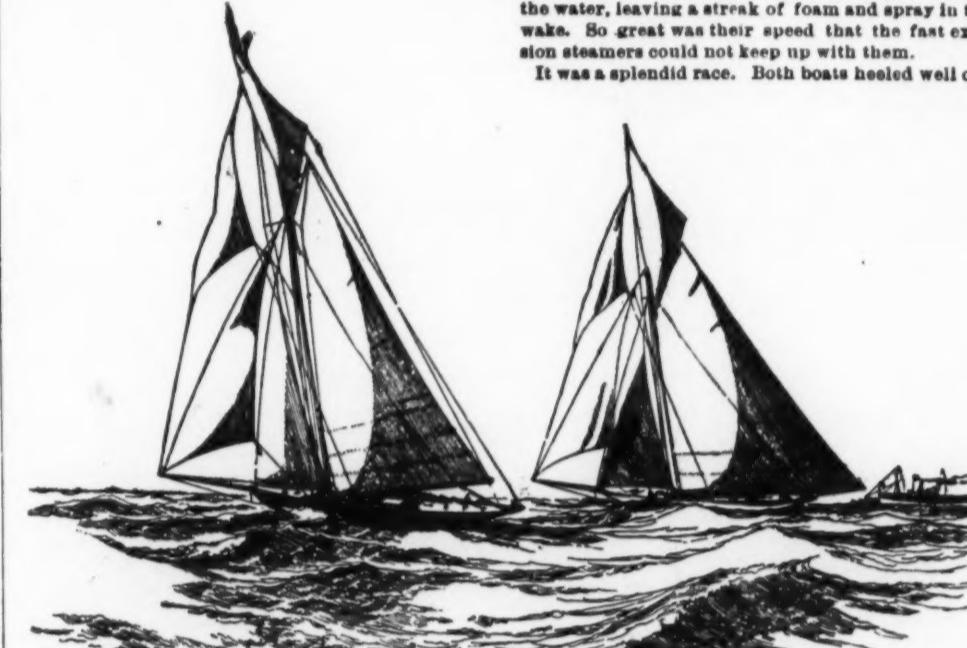
Off in the distance lay the sturdy beacon ship, and the great race was nearly over. The Valkyrie, far behind, had her low hull in the wave hollows, and her triangle of sail glances and gleamed against the sky. She had shifted her head sails several times; her skillful skipper had used every expedient; it was useless. The black hull was doing its best; canvas could not draw it one wit faster.

Storming down upon the finish line, about which was clustered a fleet of vessels bearing jubilant and impatient thousands, came the impetuous Vigilant. At 2:50 she swept across, a winner by over ten minutes, and received a thundering ovation from the assembled thousands. At 3:03 Valkyrie crossed, a badly beaten boat—beaten on every point of sailing, but not through any fault of her skipper or crew, who sailed her splendidly from start to finish.

On October 11 an attempt was made to sail the third race of the series, but the wind was too light to drive the yachts over the course within the time. The Valkyrie took the lead, but the Vigilant passed her before the outer mark was reached, and would have won handsomely had it been a race.

The third race was sailed October 13, under conditions favorable to the Englishman. It blew a gale. The start was delayed owing to an accident to the Valkyrie—the parting of the throat halyard—which was soon repaired. The starting gun was fired at 12:27:30 o'clock. The Valkyrie crossed the line ten seconds ahead of the Vigilant. The course was fifteen miles to the windward and return. The racers shot through the water, leaving a streak of foam and spray in their wake. So great was their speed that the fast excursion steamers could not keep up with them.

It was a splendid race. Both boats heeled well over,



THE VALKYRIE AT THE START.

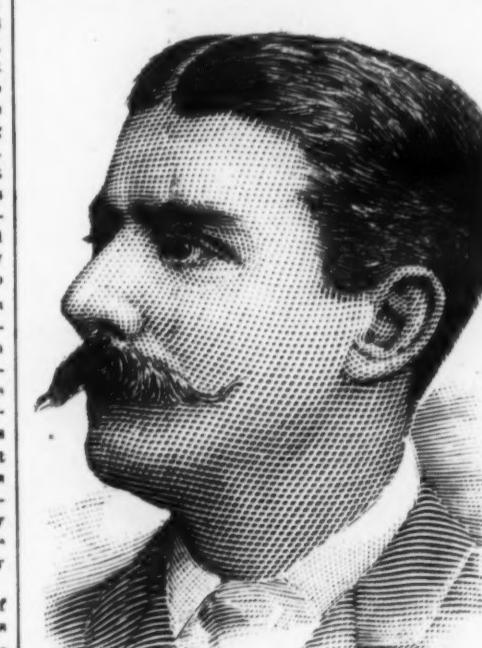
ward the Vigilant's skipper eased his helm slightly, and in less than twenty minutes Valkyrie's short-lived triumph was at an end. A hundred yards to windward the white defender swept by, and then foot by foot drew away from the noble challenger. Down came Valkyrie's jib topsail, and her skipper with eager hands endeavored to keep his cutter in position. It was useless. Neither in speed nor weather lines was his boat the Vigilant's equal.

At 12:09 like a top the Valkyrie tacked. Then Vigilant went round and shot across her bow and started off like a frightened deer on the port tack. At 12:48 Capt. Cranfield, finding that he was fast losing ground, sent the cutter round again. A minute after Vigilant followed. The defender was now well ahead and to windward. The way the centreboard ate up into the wind was marvelous. With her headsails drawing badly she seemed to run right into the freshening blast. Again the Valkyrie went on the port tack, and Vigilant followed suit. Both boats were now being sailed as close as their canvas would allow. At 12:59 the English cutter stayed again, but Vigilant held on the old tack for three minutes longer. The mark was now plainly to be seen, and Vigilant well in the lead and to windward was a magnificent and inspiring sight. As she sprang forward and struck the upheavals of emerald fluid her whole forward portion was radiant with sunlit sprayings of spurting water that swept in rattling showers against the curving foot cloths of the distended headsails. At 1:06 the white defender cleverly rounded the first mark, and with started sheets kept off to reach down the second lap. As she swept on she broke out her balloon jib topsail. This was the most enchanting sight of the day. The great triangle of filmy fabric burst out half way up the stay like a puff of pearly smoke, and bellowing to the breeze a mass of trembling cloth, seemed reluctant to obey the curbing of the flattening sheet.

The Valkyrie, hopelessly beaten and to leeward of the mark, was obliged to make another tack. This she did at 1:11, and a minute after, behind the Vigilant, she curved around the flag, and slowly set jib topsail. She had been losing steadily from the time the Vigilant passed her despite the fact that every inch of her canvas was drawing perfectly.

The wind now freshened, and Vigilant, as she ran away, took in her big jib topsail, and at 1:54 set a smaller one. The race down the second leg was made at a tremendous speed, both cutters rushing through the water and leaving an avenue of foamy whiteness and brilliant bursting bubbles astern. Valkyrie, although a beaten boat, was a glorious sight. As she

and with the lee decks under water, dashed the spray 150 feet. It was Valkyrie weather apparently, but those who knew the American cup defender said it was good Vigilant weather, too. The Englishman did nobly, and worked to the windward of the American and rounded the outer mark two minutes ahead. English partisans cheered lustily and saw visions of the cup. But their enthusiasm was short-lived, for it was on the home run that the peerless Vigilant put in her best licks. She swooped down upon her rival like a



C. O. ISELIN.

hawk, passed her and crossed the finish line a safe winner. Then pandemonium broke loose. Excursion steamers let loose their whistles, passengers cheered and everything that was capable of noise was put in operation.

It was a great victory, and the cup is still ours. We await the next challenger.

PRETTY WOMEN SAW WOOD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Portchester, N. Y., Opera House was thronged the other night with people to witness a wood-sawing

contest for women. The contestants were Mrs. Matilda Bircham-Johnson, Mrs. William Merritt and Mrs. C. P. Nelson.

The contestants, who are all robust young women, were loudly cheered when they appeared on the stage. They were each provided with a buck and saw and a stick of wood. The terms of the contest were that a prize, a handsome silver castor, was to be awarded to the competitor who sawed three cuts in the shortest time.

Without any musical accompaniment the women



EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

began the work of sawing, and as Mrs. Johnson finished first she was declared the winner and the prize was awarded to her. Mrs. Johnson some time ago figured in court as wife No. 2 of Wm. E. Johnson, who is now serving a term in Sing Sing for bigamy.

KILLED HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Phillips surprised his wife at an early hour the other morning at the house of Dan Bynum at Redfield, fifteen miles north of Pine Bluff, Ark. A scene followed, when Phillips accused Bynum of dishonoring his wife by harboring her all night. Bynum attempted to run into an adjoining cotton field. A well-directed bullet from Phillips' gun brought him down, and he almost instantly expired. Phillips was held for murder by the Coroner's jury and placed in jail.

A PROMINENT BROOKLYNITE DROWNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. Charles T. Olney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was drowned the other evening in the channel between Shell Point and Awakam Neck, on Onset Bay, Mass.

Dr. Olney and Miss Jessie White, of New York, have been rooming at the cottage of Mr. Bias, the materializing medium, and they have frequently gone rowing together. Miss White says the doctor was ahead of her and beyond her sight.

He heard him calling for help in the water and ran to get a boat to go to his aid. She found a small boat on the beach and pushed out. She grasped the doctor, who was nearly if not quite unconscious, and attempted to pull him into the boat, but the frail craft capsized and he went down. Miss White clung to the boat and was saved.

Dr. Olney was thirty-nine years old, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School and a native of Taunton. He belonged to the Lynn Lodge of Elks and the Salem Cadets, and only went to Brooklyn a year ago.

Miss White, it is said, is the daughter of a New York family prominent in social circles up town. She has a penchant for the occult.

FLORRIE WEST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A handsome picture of bright and vivacious Florrie West lends attractiveness to our theatrical page. Miss West is a clever little soubrette who came to this country from England about three years ago. Since then she has displayed her versatility by appearing very successfully in the music halls in farce-comedy and comic opera. She is at present playing a successful engagement with the "Prince Pro Tem" Company at the Boston Museum.

"MINERVA."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Minerva, the "Police Gazette" champion strong woman of the world, who is now matched to contend against Yucca, a rival candidate for the championship, in feats of strength. Minerva is well known in all parts of the United States and Mexico, where she has lifted horses and accomplished unprecedented feats for a female. She is now in New York completing arrangements for her match with Yucca.

W. G. DOLSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. G. Dolson, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the famous bicycle rider of Chicago, who has made some wonderful records on the wheel.

FELL IN LOVE WITH A NEGRO.

The infatuation of Frank Cody, a negro, for Marie Anderson, sixteen years old, a white girl who lives with her parents at 223 Sixteenth street, Brooklyn, has got him into trouble. The girl seems to be completely under his influence. They want to get married.

Some time ago the girl's father, John D. Anderson, a letter carrier at Station V, Brooklyn, discovered that Marie and the negro were meeting secretly. Then he found letters hidden in his daughter's room written by the negro.

He tried to break off the infatuation by sending his daughter to an institution. This enraged Cody, and, it is alleged, he threatened to shoot Mr. Anderson.

The latter caused the arrest of Cody. This was in June. Ever since Cody has been in jail.

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"AMERICA'S CUP."



PRETTY WOMEN SAW, WOOD.

A NOVEL CONTEST IN THE PORTCHESTER, N. Y., OPERA HOUSE, WITHOUT ANY MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.



HUGGED AND KISSED HER.

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VICTORIOUS VIGILANT.

THE PEERLESS AMERICAN CENTRE-BOARD YACHT WHICH BEAT THE BRITISH CUTTER, VALKYRIE,
IN THE INTERNATIONAL RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

"A RULING PASSION,"
LATEST ISSUE OF
FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

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Any of the above Splendidly Illustrated Novels sent to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents each.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

Stamboul tried to beat his record at Lexington, Ky., on Oct. 12. He failed, his time being 2:16.

Nellie A. trotted a mile in 2:19 at Lexington, Ky., on Oct. 12, scoring the fastest mile of 1893 for two-year-olds.

Bliss and Dirlberger, amateur bicyclists, have raced 55 days this season and captured \$16,000 worth of prizes.

Jack Fogarty, the Philadelphia middleweight, is trying to get on 10-round contest with his old rival, Jack Dempsey.

James J. P. Johnson, of Racine, Wis., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he intends to walk from Racine to New York.

The marriage of George W. Wagner, president of the Washington Baseball Club, and Miss Saile Zook, is announced.

G. W. Orton, the crack amateur runner of Canada, hereafter will represent the University of Pennsylvania in athletic events.

Ex-Coronor William Gilbert, of Bucks county, won a shooting match at Burlington Island, Pa., on Oct. 11, by killing 78 birds straight.

Kearns, the crack amateur light-weight, of Lawrence, has agreed to box O'Connell, of Roxbury, at the Camden Street club, Oct. 23.

Zeko Abrahams does not seem to have lost faith in Soly Smith's pugilistic ability, and now offers to match him against Young Griff, of Australia.

Joe Wolcott, the New England colored light-weight, offers to fight Austin Gibbons, Harry Tracy, Mike Harris or any other man in the world at 125 pounds.

The chestnut gelding, Ayres P., trotted a mile with a running mate to a pneumatic-tired skeleton wagon at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 11, in 2:11.

Joe Hoss, ex-pugilist, and during the later years of his life a temperance evangelist, is dead at Clarendon, N. Y. He was a native of Buffalo and was converted while in jail at Rochester several years ago.

Dan McLeod of San Francisco won the international wrestling tournament which took place in that city last week. Joe Acton, the old rival of McLeod, was one of the contestants, but McLeod won from him easily.

Jack Dempsey was to have boxed with Johnny Clark in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Oct. 1. The affair was well advertised but only sixty people paid and Gus Tuthill, Dempsey's manager, refunded the money.

At Quincy, Ill., on Oct. 10, Billy McCarthy, of Kansas City, and Jack Welch, of Peoria, fought to a finish on the steamer Park Bluff a few miles up the river, with 5-cent gloves. Welch knocked McCarthy out in the fourth round.

Prof. Albert, who claims to be the champion swimmer and diver of the world, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 12. Albert came on from the World's Fair to meet his wife, who arrived on the City of Paris from England.

On Oct. 12, at Lexington, Ky., pacer Robert J., in the first heat of the free-for-all, did the mile in 2:06 after carrying Flying Jib to the three-quarters at a 2:04 clip. The second quarter was 0:28, with the two geldings like a double team.

Willie Windle made another bicycle record at Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 11. It was a two-thirds of a mile race, and the figures now stand at 1:16 1-5, or at the rate of 1:34 3-5 for the mile. The time: Quarter, 27 4-5; half, 57 4-5.

A prize fight was fought on Blenhamsett Island, West Va., on Oct. 10, between Jack Burke, of Texas, and Charlie H. Sasher, of Kentucky. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$500. Ten rounds were contested when Burke knocked the Sasher out.

A finger-snapping contest for a purse of \$25 took place in the rooms of the Windsor Athletic Club, in Govanstown, Md., on Oct. 11, between Frank Sidney, champion of the world, and Benjamin V. Skinner, a colored lad of East Baltimore. The affair was decided a draw, and the men will meet again in two months.

At the New York Jockey Club, on Oct. 11, there were five starters in the Country Club Handicap. Although Lamplighter had up 13 pounds he looked to the form players good enough to back at 11 to 10. Charade and Reckon were both supported with Picklecker and Lowlander the outsiders. Lamplighter won easily, running the one mile and a furlong in 1:54.

The Middle Park Plate of 500 sovereigns was run at Non-market, England, on Oct. 12. It was won by Lord Rosebery's bay colt Ladas, by Hampton, out of Illuminate. Henry Milner's bay filly Jocasta, by St. Simon, out of Theobald, was second, and Douglas Baird's bay colt Sempronius, by Wisdom, out of Hamtonia, third. Ladas will probably be the favorite for the 1894 Derby if eligible.

Ben Benton claims that he has a contract with Dick Burge, the English welter-weight, and that he will stop him from engaging in any contest, unless he sanctions the match. The contract Benton holds with Burge was signed when the latter came to this country to fight Jack McAuliffe, who that \$4,000 purse, in which it was claimed by George McDonald, who came over with Burge, that the latter was to sell out.

Frank S. Ives writes to the POLICE GAZETTE in relation to George F. Sloman's offer to go into a \$2,500 stake tournament, that he could say nothing definite, and not until he had conferred with the manufacturers. He added that he would be willing to go into such a tournament provided the manufacturers in New York would add \$2,500, making a total of \$6,000 to be contested for. He said there should be two tournaments—one in Chicago and one in New York.

Dan Doherty and Harry Corbett fought for a purse and \$200 near North Lawrence, Ohio, on Oct. 9, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Four rounds were contested when Doherty knocked Corbett down by a right hand swing which landed on Corbett's nose. On the latter regaining his feet he

sawed his seconds off his nose was broken and stated he would fight no more. George Frew of North Lawrence, the well-known newsmen, was referee and John Jordan was time-keeper.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Danville, Ill., writes that Jack Wickard, of Peoria, Ill., and Dick Keating, of Lafayette, Ind., fought according to "Police Gazette" rules near Danville, Ill., for a purse of \$300. Both are heavyweights. Keating was knocked out in 5 rounds, after being terribly punished. Jerry Shuckrow, of Danville, was the referee.

Thomas McCarthy, of Dubois, Pa., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will arrange a match with Jim Daly for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the largest purse. Daly defeated McCarthy in the Buffalo Athletic Club, but McCarthy was never satisfied with the decision, and now he has backing he wants to meet Daly again.

Dick Burge, with his trainer, Sammy Blakelock, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week. Burge was over the prop casts of arranging a match with one of the boxers in his class, and stated that he was going to Fort Hamilton to live for a week or two where he will train, in order to be in condition for anything that may turn up. Judging by the twists of Burge's eye, he expects either Coney Island or the Columbian Athletic Club will offer him a purse to fight either Dempsey, Billy Smith or Austin Gibbons.

James Gibbons, of Passaic, the backer of Austin Gibbons, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week and stated that if Dick Burge and Jack Dempsey arranged a match Austin Gibbons would box either Burge or Dempsey for \$1,000 or \$1,500 a side at 140 pounds, for the largest purse the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, or the Coney Island Athletic Club would offer. Gibbons says: "My brother only wants an opportunity to meet either McAuliffe, Burge or Dempsey, but neither of the trio will give him a chance. If either of the above fighters want a match they can notify me and I will meet them any time they name to arrange a match."

Stanton Abbott will have a chance to show American judges ofistic matters just what kind of stuff he is made of. He has been here six months or so, and beyond a few boxing bouts, in which it must be said, he showed to very great advantage, he has not had a chance to go on the level. The long-pending match between him and Andy Bowen has at last been ratified. Articles have been signed for a finish contest, to take place at New Orleans, on Nov. 15, for a purse of \$2,500, \$300 for expenses being allowed the Briton. One hundred and thirty pounds is the weight specified, and this ought to bring about a pretty even meeting, for the two men match well in height and length of reach. Abbott is a mighty clever fellow with his hands, and likewise pretty shifty.

The following are the events and the winners of the inter-Collegiate tournaments held at Galesburg, Ill., recently:

Two-mile bicycle race—F. G. Phillips, Illinois College.	Time 7:56.
Running broad jump—Frank Buchet, Knox College;	distance, 18 feet.
High Kick—E. E. Jones, Monmouth College.	Mile Run—F. A. Shoemaker, Knox College; time 5:20.
Mile Run—F. A. Shoemaker, Knox College; time 5:20.	Running hop, skip and jump—W. H. Garrett, Illinois College.
Three miles, 5 feet 2 inches.	Distance, 5 feet 2 inches.
Four miles.	Five miles.

Grant's time at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 20, 1890, was 26:32½, and Hassel, at New York, July 30, 1891, 25:58½, the latter not being professional. J. White, London, May 11, 1893, made it 24:40, which is the best time on record for the distance.

IN EIGHT ROUNDS.

Horace Leeds Knocks Out Billy Ernst in the Coney Island Club.

The platform was placed on trestles, and the troopers rode on it and remained mounted. Kennedy then crouched underneath the platform, placed his hands on a small stool and with his back strained every nerve to raise the tremendous weight. The difficult part of the feat was balancing, and as soon as the modern Samson managed to secure the balance, inch by inch he pressed up the tremendous weight and fairly lifted the three big horses, rider and platform, amid the cheers and yells of the large audience. The "Police Gazette" championship dumbbell, weighing 1,200 pounds, was on exhibition, and the audience expected Kennedy to also lift that big mass of iron, which he could have done if it had been on the programme.

Kennedy's performance again demonstrated that he is the peer of all the Cyclops, Dragos, Sandows and Samsons. Kennedy has proved this fairly before responsible and competent judges. The champion will now star in "The Man of Iron," under the management of Messrs. De Losers Bros., two popular young managers in the theatrical world. He will take the "Police Gazette" dumbbell with him and exhibit his wonderful strength in "The Iron Man," of which he is the author.

M'CLELLAN BEATS PRIDDY IN A 5-MILE RACE.

The 5-mile foot race between Everett C. McClellan, the backer of Austin Gibbons, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week and stated that if Dick Burge and Jack Dempsey arranged a match Austin Gibbons would box either Burge or Dempsey for \$1,000 or \$1,500 a side at 140 pounds, for the largest purse the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, or the Coney Island Athletic Club would offer. Gibbons says: "My brother only wants an opportunity to meet either McAuliffe, Burge or Dempsey, but neither of the trio will give him a chance. If either of the above fighters want a match they can notify me and I will meet them any time they name to arrange a match."

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Half mile.....	2:28
Mile.....	5:16
One and a half.....	7:53½
Two miles.....	10:24
Two and a half.....	13:19½
Three miles.....	16:30
Three and a half.....	19:52
Four miles.....	24:48
Five miles.....	27:32½

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IN EIGHT ROUNDS.

Horace Leeds Knocks Out Billy Ernst in the Coney Island Club.

The long-talked-ofistic encounter between Horace Leeds, of Atlantic City, the ex-amateur lightweight champion, and Billy Ernst, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was decided in the Coney Island Athletic Club, New York, on Monday, October 9. About three thousand spectators were present, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and Baltimore sending big delegations. Ernst was the favorite in the betting, owing to the fact that he had defeated Walter Campbell and other boxers of repute; but many porting men who witnessed Leeds' battle in a limited number of rounds contest in Philadelphia put their siekels on him.

The men fought at 135 pounds for a purse of \$2,500, out of which the loser was to receive \$600. Prior to the contest the men were weighed in, and both were at weight and each summing of victory. The Coney Island Club had arranged for another contest before the Ernst and Leeds battle was decided. It was a ten-round bout between Charley Kammer and Jim Sullivan, both of New York, for a purse. Sullivan weighed 151 pounds and Kammer 150 pounds. El Stoddard, of Brooklyn; Jimmy Carroll, Wilson Taylor and Billy Patten, of New York, were in Sullivan's corner. Kammer's seconds were Fred Tillestrand, of Providence; John McMann and Jim Foley, of New York. The men entered the ring at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock, both looking in good condition. The fight was a monotonous affair, and at the end of the ten rounds it was declared a draw.

After Sullivan and Kammer left the ring the principal event was announced.

Lewis was seconded by Dominic McCaffrey and Frank White, of New York, and Harry Lawrence, of Atlantic City, N. J. His timer was Al Richards, of Philadelphia. Ernst's seconds were Dan Gallagher, Hugh Winters, Joe McCarthy and Joe Burke, Billy Gibbings acted as his time-keeper.

ROUND 1—After shaking hands, the men advanced and faced each other in battle array. Ernst appeared anxious to end the fight at once. He was the first to lead, and landed his left on Leeds' ear, but the blow lacked effect. Leeds clinched and hung on to Ernst until they were parted by the referee. Leeds planted his left in the wind hard and both clinched. They were again separated, and a moment later they were at it hammer and tongs. The bell rang with Ernst stock booming.

ROUND 2—Leeds led and landed a hard punch on Ernst's stomach and followed with a hard one on the jaw. Ernst came back with two swift punches on the jaw. A second later Leeds rushed and got a clip on the jaw that staggered him. Just before the bell rang Leeds struck Ernst a terrific blow on the stomach. Ernst was staggered and all but out. The bell saved him.

ROUND 3—Leeds again forced the fighting, aiming a vicious right-hander for the jaw. Leeds saw it coming and ducked cleverly out of the way. Ernst fought very aggressively, and in the clinches, which were frequent, tried his best to wrench Leeds' neck from his socket. Ernst again tried to land his right, but Leeds stepped it cleverly with his left and smashed the Brooklynite over the heart. The latter caught Leeds napping as the bell sounded and landed a right hander on the jaw that made the Jerseyman stagger.

ROUND 4—it looked as if the fight would be a short one when this round opened. Leeds led for the head and missed. Leeds aimed for the head with a swing, which was ducked. He swung for the jaw and missed, then tried a right uppercut with the left, landing on the Brooklyn lad's neck. Ernst landed on Leeds' face, and the latter retaliated with a terrific right on the jaw. Ernst fell fairly and squarely, but got up and ran to his corner. This was the first time Leeds used his right for the head.

ROUND 5—Both looked fresh and confident. Ernst worried and anxious. After sparring for a moment Leeds tried a left-hand swing, but Ernst dodged it nicely. Leeds aimed for his failure a moment later by smashing Ernst hard on the body with his left and knocking the Brooklynite against the ropes. Leeds tried the same blow again, but was unsuccessful and received a right-hand counter on the jaw that made his teeth rattle. They were sparring when the gong sounded.

ROUND 6—Not a scratch was seen on either man as they faced each other. Both looked fresh, with Leeds the stronger. Leeds led for the head with a swing, which was ducked. He swung for the jaw and missed, then tried a right uppercut with the left, landing on the Brooklyn lad's neck. Ernst landed on Leeds' face, and the latter retaliated with a terrific right on the jaw. Ernst fell fairly and squarely, but got up and ran to his corner. This was the first time Leeds used his right for the head.

ROUND 7—Ernst came out of his corner rather shaky, while Leeds was active as a kitten and smiling. They fiddled around for a moment, when Leeds drove his left hand into a corner and hit him hard over the heart with a right-hander. He followed this

up with a right-hand smash on the jaw that appeared to stagger the Brooklynite. The latter, however, appeared to be missing his poise, for he suddenly straightened up when he got his balance and came dangerously near landing his furious right on the fatal mark. Leeds then feinted him on and landed a right over the heart that also raised Ernst off his feet. Ernst tried to avoid the medicine he was receiving. As the bell rang Leeds landed a left-hander on the body that almost doubled him up. Ernst was groggy when he went to his corner.

ROUND 8—Ernst led for the stomach with his left, landing lightly. Ernst punched Leeds in the jaw and received a hard clip on the side of the head. Ernst came back with a smashing right square on Ernst's jaw, but the blow did not appear to be very damaging, and yet down went Ernst, and he lay like an Atlas at rest and did not attempt to regain his feet because he was apparently unconscious and it was several seconds before he came to.

Leeds was declared the winner amid the war whoops and yells of the delegations from Pennsylvania and those who had bet on his success.

PARSON DAVIES' UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Parson Davies' company, with Peter Jackson as "Uncle Tom," Joe Choynski as "Joe Shelby," and Davies as "Geo. Harris" and the "Auctioneer," and a company of thirty players, mimes, donkeys, brass bands and parades, have just completed a six weeks tour of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. The engagement has been a most successful one, crowded houses being the rule everywhere.

The three-round go between Choynski and Peter is a most spirited one, and satisfied all. Both Choynski and Jackson are in splendid form and could fight to-morrow. A special car load of scenery is carried and managers claim it is the most expensive and best revival of the old play seen in years. The company open at the Park Theatre, this city, for a week's engagement, and then visit the principal New England towns including Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 23, Manchester, N. H., Oct. 24, Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 25, Augusta, Me., Oct. 26, Bangor, Me., Oct. 27, Lewiston, Me., Oct. 28, Laconia, N. H., Oct. 29, Concord, N. H., Oct. 31, Nashua, N. H., Nov. 1, Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 2, Lowell, Mass., Nov. 4, Lynn, Nov. 6, Fall River, Nov. 7.

Dainty Darlings—Our Pretty and Popular Stars of Comic Opera and Burlesque—photographed in tights and costume. The largest and most select collection of cabinet photographs of actresses in the world. All 10 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin



DIED FOR HER HONOR.

PRETTY TILLIE MAGERS CHLOROFORMED AND KILLED BY HER LOVER OSCAR DARNALL,
WHO THEN SHOOTS HIMSELF, AT JAMESTOWN, IND.



W. G. DOLSIN.

THE FAMOUS AND SPEEDY BICYCLE RIDER OF CHICAGO, WHO HAS MADE
SOME WONDERFUL RECORDS.



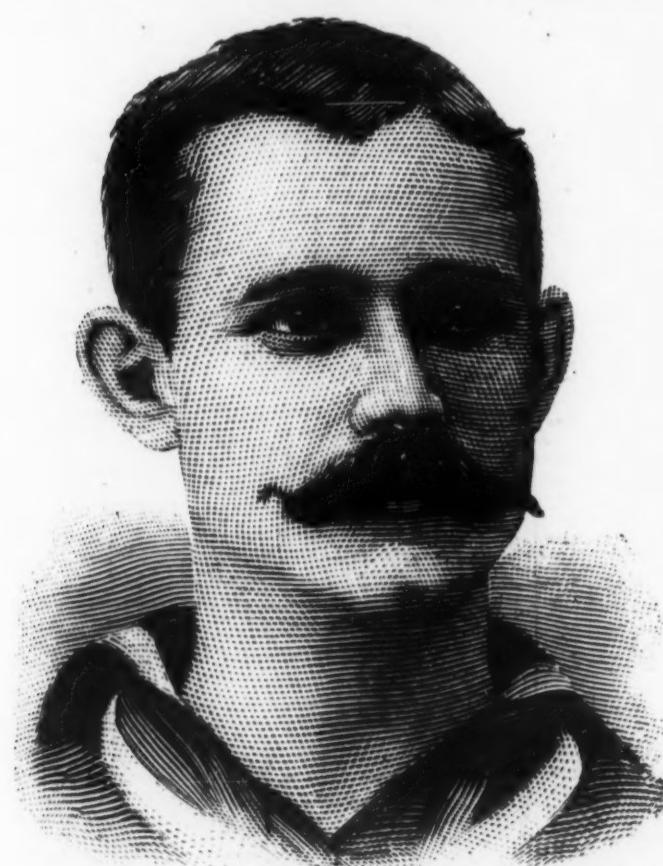
A WHITE GIRL HIS VICTIM.

THE MILITIA CALLED OUT TO PROTECT THE BRUTAL NEGRO ASSAILANT
OF MISS BARR FROM LYNCHING AT FORT SCOTT, KAN.



A PROMINENT BROOKLYNITE DROWNED.

DR. C. T. OLNEY MEETS HIS DEATH ON ONSET BAY, MASS., IN THE PRESENCE OF MISS
GUSSIE WHITE.



SAMUEL SCULL.

A GALLANT AMERICAN TAR, NOW ATTACHED TO THE
UNITED STATES STEAMER BOSTON.



AN OLD SOLDIER BRUTALLY MURDERED.

TWO COLORED HIGHWAYMEN ROB AND CRUELLY BEAT HIM AND THEN PLACE HIS BODY ON A RAILROAD
TRACK TO BE RUN OVER, AT DAYTON, O.



"MINERVA."

"POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION STRONG WOMAN OF THE WORLD, WHO IS MATCHED AGAINST "YUCCA."



COLLEGE GIRLS TRY HAZING.

MEMBERS OF THE GAMMA DELTA SOCIETY OF YOUNG WOMEN AT THE BOSTON, MASS., UNIVERSITY HAVE FUN INITIATING PRETTY FRESHMEN GIRLS.